

Wherein the King recovered his Crown, and Traitors lost their Heads.
To the Tune of, *Ye Gallies that delight to play.*



YE merry hearts that love to play
At Cards, see who hath won the day,
You that once did sadly sing,
The Knave o' th' Clubs hath won the King:
Now more happy times ye have,
The King hath overcome the Knave;
The King hath overcome the Knave.
Not long ago a Game was play'd,
When three Crowns at the Stake was lay'd,
England had no cause to boast,
Knaves won that which Kings had lost:
Coaches gave the way to Cards,
And Clubs were better Cards than Hearts; &c.
Old Noll was the Knave o' th' Clubs,
And Dad of such as Preach in Clubs:
Bradshaw, Ireton, and Pride,
Were three other Knaves beside:
And they play'd with half the Pack,
Throwing out all Cards but Black; &c.
But the just Fates threw these four out,
Which made the Royal Party shout,
The Pope would fain have had the Stock,
And with these Cards have whip'd his Dock,
But soon the Devil these Card snatches,
To dip in Brimstone and make Matches,
To dips &c.

But still the Sport for to maintain,
Lambert, Hallerige, and Vain,
And one o' th' Hewson, took their places,
Knaves were better Cards then Aces:
But Fleetwood he himself did save,
Because he was More Fool than Knave; &c.
Cromwell, though he so much had won,
Yet he had an unlucky Son:
He is still and not regards,
Whilst cunning Gamblers set the Cards,
And thus alas, poor silly Dick,
He play'd a while, but lost the Trick; &c.
The Rumpers that had won whole Towns,
The Spoils of Partys, and of Crowns:
Were not contented but grew rough,
As though they had not won enough:
They kept the Cards still in their hands,
To play for Tithes and Colledge Lands,
To play; &c.
The Presbyterians began to fret,
That they were like to lose the bet,
Unto the Rump they did appeal,
And said it was their turn to deal,
Then dealt the Presbyterians, but,
The Army swore that they will cut;
The Army swore that they will cut.

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The foreign Lands began to wonder,
To see what Gallants we liven under,
That they which Christmas did fast wear,
Should follow Gaming all the Year:
Day more, which was the strangest thing,
To play so long without a King,
To play so long without a King.

The bold Phaullocks present were,
Like Butlers, with their boxes there:
Not doubting but that every Game
Some profit would rebound to them:
Because they were the Gamblers' Pinions,
And every day brought new Opinions, &c.

But Cheshire Men (as stories say)
Began to shew them Gamblers play:
Bye Booth, and all his Wivescribes
To take the stakes by force they lyes:
But Oh sad fate, they were undone,
By playing of their Cards too soon: &c.

Thus all the while a Club was trump,
Where's none could ever beat the Mump:
Until a noble General came,
And gave the Cheaters a clear name:
His finger did out-tell their roddy,
And screw'd up poor Jack Landers body, &c.

Then Haulridge began to scold,
And said the General plaid foul:
Look to him Portners, say I tell ye,
This Monk has put a Ring in's belly:

Not so, quoth Monk, but I believe
Sir Arthur has a Knife in's sleeve, &c.

When General Monk did understand
The Mump were perping into's hand:
He wisely kept his Cards from sight,
Which put the Mump into a fright:
He saw how matters were betray'd.

That shew'd their Cards before they play'd, &c.
At length, quoth he, some Cards we lack,
I will not play with half a Pack:
What you call out, I will bring in,
And a new Game we will begin:
With that the Standers by him say,

They never yet saw fairer play, &c.
But presently this Game was past,
And for a Strand Wharves were cast,
All new Cards, not stain'd with spots,
As was the Mumpren and the Scots:
Here good Gamblers plaid their parts,

They turned up the King of Hearts, &c.
After this Game was done, I think
The Standers by had cause to wink:
And the Royal Subjects King,
Farewel Wharves, and welcome Ring:
For till we saw the King return'd,
We wish'd the Cards had all been burn'd:
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FINIS.

L. F.

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